

NIGHT  
EDITION

PRICE ONE CENT.

The

EVENING EDITION

"Circulation Books Open to All."

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The World

"Circulation Books Open to All."

EXTRA

PRICE ONE CENT.

MURDERER WISHED  
MERRY XMAS TO JURY  
THAT CONVICTED HIM

Frank Henry Burness, on Trial for the Killing of Capt. George B. Townsend, Under Whom He Had Sailed, Startles Court with Cold-Blooded Narrative.

First Has It Read to the Jury, Then Takes the Witness-Stand to Emphasize the Effect of His Story--Wants to Hasten Execution for Latest Crime.

Swift justice was meted out to-day to Frank Henry Burness, the murderer of Capt. George B. Townsend, of the coasting vessel Charles Buckley. Within a very few minutes after listening to the man's cold-blooded account of how he killed Capt. Townsend, supplemented by his bragging tale of three other murders committed during his life, the jury in the County Court in Brooklyn returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

Burness sought a swift disposition of his case; it came quicker than even he expected. One ballot was all that was necessary to show that the jury was of one mind. The doors of the jury room had hardly closed on the twelve men when they signalled for them to be opened again. Burness, with an audible laugh, watched the jurymen resume their seats and when the verdict was announced laughed again and asked the Court if he might say a word. Judge Crane nodded assent and with a broad grin on his face the murderer turned to the jury box and said:

"I think I may safely say that in the minds of most men convicted of murder there is some ill-feeling against the men instrumental in bringing them to such a pass. I want you all to know that I entertain no such feelings toward the lawyers, the Judge, the jury or anybody connected with the prosecution of my case. Gentlemen, I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year."

With a polite salutation to the jurymen, Burness then turned to his lawyer and burst into loud laughter. Judge Crane was rather shocked by the attitude of the man and immediately ordered him to the Raymond Street Jail, whence he will be brought back to court Monday for sentence. It was a dramatic story of crime that Burness told on the stand to-day, and the relish with which he told it fairly chilled the blood of all who heard it. The murder of Capt. Townsend was committed on Nov. 10 last, while the Buckley was tied up at Erie Basin.

A judge, a jury and a room full of spectators were appalled yesterday afternoon at the confession of three murders made by Burness and read in open court at his request by Assistant District Attorney Elder. This confession alone convicted Burness of the crime for which he is now being tried, but the mere reading of it far from satisfied the vanity of the man. He insisted on going on the stand himself and telling the story of his life, arguing that it would bring him to his fate more rapidly, something much to be desired over an indefinite period in prison.

## SEEMED TO LIKE THE SITUATION.

Tall, well built, with a rather good-looking face, Burness strolled into court and looked around him with relish. He appeared impatient when his lawyer made a plea for him, but when called on to take the witness chair jumped up with every appearance of interest and made for the stand. A court officer handed him a Bible.

"Take it away," he said, with a laugh. "That book means nothing to me."

The book was taken away and Burness allowed to tell his story without being sworn. He began with the story of the murder of Capt. Townsend and told it in these words:

"I shipped on the Buckley with Townsend on Sept. 2. He seemed a good sort of a commander and I liked him. On Sept. 15, while we were off the Jersey coast, I saved the vessel from being wrecked, and I thought I ought to be allowed to go ashore for that service when we got here. But Townsend wouldn't let me, and that was the beginning of his end. The first chance I got to get ashore was when we tied up at the Basin. I just left the ship and demanded that he pay me the \$20.00 that he owed me. He wouldn't give me a cent. That was his death warrant. I went to the Legal Aid Society and put my case in their hands. They finally got me \$12.25 out of the old thief, and for the time I had to be satisfied with that. But I didn't forget him. He found out later that I didn't forget him," and Burness burst into laughter.

## KEPT HIS VICTIM IN MIND.

"Well," he continued, "I shipped to Norfolk on a schooner and from there back to New Haven. But all the time I had Townsend in my mind. I knew I'd get him sooner or later. Up in New Haven I saw by a New York newspaper that the Buckley was in New York, so I thought I'd just run down and see Townsend about that little matter of money due me. I had a little trouble getting away from my new master, but fortunately for him he didn't insist too hard on detaining me. I came here, but couldn't locate the Buckley. Then I got a job as collector of dues for the Seamen's Union, and in that work thought I would surely find the Buckley sooner or later.

"It was while collecting dues over in Erie Basin that I ran right into the Buckley. I saw Capt. Townsend sitting on deck, but he didn't see me, and as my mind was pretty well made up what to do, I went out and spent some of the dues I had collected for a pistol. Then I came back and asked Capt. Townsend what he intended to do about my money.

"You get away from here. I don't want any more to do with you," he said.

"You mean this; you don't want to change your mind?" I asked him.

FIGURING ON THE VALUE OF A LIE.

"He was very sure that he didn't, so I went and sat on the stringpiece to figure it out. I saw the captain light his pipe, so I lit mine, and there we sat, me on the pier, he on the boat, each smoking, and me trying to

(Continued on Second Page.)

FAVORITES' DAY  
AT NEW ORLEANS

Silver Meade Starts the Talent Off on a Winning Streak by Beating Trossachs and Tribune in First Race.

LITTLE JACK HORNER IS RETURNED WINNER AGAIN.

Cardinal Wolsey by a Good Ride Manages to Win Third Event and Players Kept On Depleting Bookies' Rolls.

## THE WINNERS.

FIRST RACE—Silvermeade (11 to 5) 1, Trossachs (3 to 1) 2, Tribune 3.

SECOND RACE—Little Jack Horner (11 to 5) 1, Sadducee (13 to 5) 2, Scorpio 3.

THIRD RACE—Cardinal Wolsey (7 to 1) 1, Dutiful (6 to 5) 2, Spencerian 3.

(Special to The Evening World.)

RACE TRACK, NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 22.—The thoroughbreds had a real fast track to run over to-day and the sport was interesting. The weather was perfect and the attendance large.

Tommy Griffin was the only owner to ship from New Orleans to Los Angeles, where winter racing will be inaugurated this week. An army of bookmakers' clerks have left for Los Angeles.

## FIRST RACE.

Maiden two-year-olds; six furlongs. Starters, white, jocks. St. Hif. Fin. Str. P. Silvermeade, 103, Salling 6 41 15 11-5 4-5 Trossachs, 112, Fuller 1 31 41 9-2 9-2 Tribune, 108, McIntyre 2 9 35 30 10 Joe Gre, 114, Folsom 3 31 41 9-2 9-2 Second Eight, 110, Phillips 4 21 35 6 5-2 Step Aside, 103, Ahern 8 49 30 10 Rachel Ward, 103, Robin 3 19 72 25 8 Echmantic, 107, Michaels 5 01 58 12 5 Cattle, 106, J. Miller 7 9 50 20 Start good. Won driving. Time—1:15.

Trossachs broke in front, but was soon caught and passed by Docile. Helgeson rushed the latter through her field in the run down the back stretch and when the turn for home was reached Docile was all out and staggering. Silver Meade after coming wide into the stretch caught and passed Docile at the furthest pole and looked as if she would win easily. At the end Trossachs came with a rush and forced Silver Meade to a hard drive to beat her out.

## SECOND RACE.

Five furlongs. Starters, white, jocks. St. Hif. Fin. Str. P. Little Jack Horner, 114, Fuller 1 31 41 9-2 9-2 Sadducee, 112, Cochran 4 21 35 13-5 3-5 Scorpio, 125, W. Hicks 7 31 51 3 6-3 Joe Gre, 114, Folsom 3 31 41 9-2 9-2 Tolly H., 114, A. Weber 3 45 14 6 Munro 5 71 61 40 15 St. Tammany, 119, Dayson 8 61 72 30 10 J. Parverson, 117, Gannon 2 61 72 30 10 Start good. Won driving. Time—1:01 1-5.

SISTER-IN-LAW OF  
HANNA HAD TO WALK

She Was in a Cab with a Friend When the Cab Horse Stepped on Policeman Gallagher's Foot.

The Christmas shopping of two well-dressed women, said to be Mark Hanna's sister-in-law, and a friend, was interrupted to-day by Policeman Gallagher, of the West Thirtieth street station.

Gallagher was helping some women across Broadway at Twenty-third street, when the cab containing the two women, and driven by Joseph Eakins, came along. Eakins's horse stepped on Gallagher's foot and the shaft poked him in the ribs, so he turned Eakins' horse and made his fare get out and walk. "I had very distinguished passengers," said Eakins to Magistrate Hammer in the Jefferson Market Court later. "It was Mark Hanna's sister-in-law and a lady friend of hers. I was taking them to a jewelry store and they were in a hurry when this happened. I am very sorry about it."

Policeman Gallagher was willing to forgive, so the cabman was discharged.

ANOTHER OCEAN  
STEAMER ASHORE

Big Liner Grounds Near Spot Where Finland Stranded, and Fog Is Too Thick to Make Out Her Name.

ANTWERP, Dec. 22.—Another large steamship has gone ashore near the spot where the Red Star line steamer Finland grounded on Saturday last. Owing to the fog which prevails the observers on shore have up to the present been unable to ascertain the vessel's name. The Finland went ashore at Nieuwer-silke near Flushing, Holland.

SPECIAL EXTRA.  
CORONER FINDS  
'DEAD' LITTLE  
ONES ALIVE

By strange mistake two children were to-day reported dead at the Coroner's office. John Collins, of No. 157 Allen street, heard that his son, Bartolomew, six weeks old, had died and sent word to Coroner Goldenkranz, who went to the house and found the child as well as could be. In the other case John Michaels, of No. 403 East Seventy-third street, reported that Joseph Hurtig, four weeks old, of No. 428 East Seventy-third street, had died. Coroner Goldenkranz found him in good health.

## LATE RESULTS AT NEW ORLEANS.

Fourth Race—Low Cut 1, Falkland 2, Shortcake 3.

Fifth Race—Sidney Sabbath 1, Stonewall 2, Hayward Hunter.

## FIGHT MANAGER HERMAN INDICTED.

BUFFALO, Dec. 22.—Jack Herman, manager of the International Athletic Club, at Fort Erie, was arraigned in the County Club here this afternoon charging him with the misappropriation of \$1,100. Herman's attorney stated that the case was the result of a disagreement among some of the men connected with the club.

FERRYBOAT KNOCKS  
OUT TORPEDO BOAT

Forward Plates of the Winslow Bent and Broken in a Collision with the America in East River, and She Puts Back to Navy Yard.

A torpedo boat is all right as a menace to a battleship, but when it comes to an encounter with a New York Harbor ferry-boat, the menace is the other way. This was proved this afternoon when the torpedo-boat Winslow, the pride of the torpedo fleet, was in collision with the ancient tub America, of the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Line.

The America came out of the collision with a little hole in her hull. The Winslow put into the Navy Yard with her forward plates bent, open seams in her delicate sides and a generally disarranged condition of her deck fittings.

It will require a Board of Inquiry to determine the cause of the accident. Lieut. Charles Nelson, who was in command of the Winslow—and it was his first trip as a sole commander—says that the accident was unavoidable. The ferry-boat people, with traditional reticence, refuse all information. It is the custom of the superintendent of this line to flee to the cemetery section of Brooklyn as soon as he hears of an accident to one of the boats.

## Winslow on Way to Newport.

The Winslow, which had been undergoing repairs at the Navy-Yard since last September, started for the torpedo station at Newport, R. I., just before noon. Lieut. Nelson is a popular officer and he was given a great send-off as his graceful craft steamed out to the river. The jacksies on the battleships and cruisers gave him three cheers and colors were dipped on all sides. There were forty men aboard the Winslow, comprising the crews of two other boats which are at Newport.

Lieut. Nelson was at the wheel and took his boat up close to the Brooklyn shore. The tide was turning and there was a strong current a little distance out.

Just off Broadway ferry slips at Williamsburg, and almost under the new bridge the Winslow found progress barred by a fleet of barges and a swarm of smaller craft. The machinery was stopped, and then the engines were started again in order to give the boat headway sufficient to hold her against

## WON'T BE HOLLER STREET.

Aldermen Refuse to Name Brooklyn Thoroughfare After Him.

It will not be "Holler street." The Board of Aldermen to-day refused to name the new street in Brooklyn Holler street in honor of the Alderman. The street is a block long and was caused by the alterations necessary for the new bridge. The proposition to name the street after Alderman Holler originated with Alderman Sullivan.

Mr. Goodman objected because he was against naming streets after living persons. Mr. Wentz said as Holler had been defeated in the last election he voted against naming him thoroughly dead. About three-fourths of the Aldermen voted to honor Alderman Holler, but as it required unanimous vote the resolution was beaten. Before the vote was announced Alderman Sullivan withdrew the resolution.

## UNION LABELS FUNERAL.

Hearses and Carriages Placed out to Escape Attack.

CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—Members of the Livery Drivers' Union met to-day to consider an application plan to settle their strike. The plan grew out of a meeting of a committee of employers and representatives of the union last night.

While deliberation was being considered to day plans were evolved for the first "Union Label funeral" since the strike began. The funeral was arranged by Undertaker G. M. Marks. The body of the deceased being removed in a hearse, which was being carried by an undertaker paying the union scale. It was also the first funeral in which a procession of carriages was used to carry the mourners. There were six carriages labelled like the improvised hearse.

FIREMEN FIGHT  
FOR DEAD CHIEF

Obected to Search as Conducted by Emergency Corps of Building Department and Took Matter in Own Hands.

TWO BODIES FOUND  
SIDE BY SIDE IN RUINS.

Joyce Apparently Had Made a Desperate Effort to Save His Superior, and, Failing, Had Died with Him.

The bodies of Battalion Chief Martin H. Coleman and Fireman Richard J. Joyce were found in the ruins of the Mott street fire late this afternoon. Before the bodies were taken out there was a wordy argument between Chief Kruger and some two hundred firemen on one side and the men of the Emergency Corps of the Building Department and the police on the other.

The Building Department men had been working all day in the ruins trying to locate the bodies and when they found them they went to work vigorously with their picks to dig them out. A number of firemen, most of them associates of the dead men in the Sixth Battalion, who were watching the emergency men at work, objected to the latter working with picks. They said that the bodies would be disfigured and that if the men couldn't work with their hands they would take the bodies out themselves. The emergency men declared that they were in authority and would do as they liked.

## Firemen Made a Rush.

At this juncture the firemen, who were very angry, made a rush at the emergency men and drove them into the street. When they went to work themselves and soon had the bodies free of the debris. The bodies were together, the arms of Joyce tightly clasped about the legs of Coleman. Apparently the fireman had made a desperate effort to save his superior, and failing, had died with him.

When the emergency men were routed they called the police to their assistance and went back into the ruins, determined to drive the firemen out. The police were about to rush the firemen, when Chief Kruger, of the Capt. Norton arrived and said the firemen were right and that the Building Department were wrong. For a moment it looked as though there might be a free fight, but the police decided not to interfere and the firemen won the day.

The bodies of the dead men were carried through a crowd of several thousand people to Engine House No. 15, in Broome street, where they will remain until the Coroner arrives.

The story of the fire has been told. The great blaze, necessitating the turning in of the "Two Nines," a signal rarely used; the story of the locking of frightened tenement dwellers by thieves; the mad dashing of a hundred horses through the thousands that packed the narrow streets; the bravery and devotion to duty of Richard J. Joyce, who, though only a probationary fireman and on duty, followed the Battalion Chief Martin H. Coleman into the thickest of the smoke, into the most dangerous situation of the fire, and there met his death beside his chief.

All this has been described in more or less vivid language. But it is the afternoon which the people will look upon with sorrow and read about with tearful eyes and swelling throats to-day. The picture of the four orphan children left behind by Chief Coleman is, when one knows the circumstances of the last leave taking between the Chief and his boys and girls, pathetic in the extreme.

There is also something impressively sad in the picture of the young wife of Richard Joyce, weeping her heart out for the brave husband who had left her only a few hours before, robust and manly, devoted to his chosen duty.

## Went from Dinner to Death.

Chief Coleman was at dinner when summoned to his duty. He kissed John, aged twelve; Agnes, aged seven, and Mabel, aged ten. Then he tossed about his arms the baby of the family, Lillian, aged four years. He called her Dolly. She was his pet.

"Good by, my little Dolly. Papa will be back soon. Go to bed and dream of Santa Claus."

If the child dreamt of Santa Claus she had a rude awakening when a messenger came to the house and told Mrs. Anna Mulligan, Chief Coleman's mother-in-law, that the Chief had been hurt and was in a hospital.

The children heard the message and were at once wide-eyed and anxious. Soon reporters began to call at the house. There were whispered conversations and tears in the eyes of Mrs. Mulligan when she conveyed to the children the truth.

"When is my papa coming home?" asked Dolly. "He said he would come back soon and he didn't." "Your papa will never come home" (Continued on Second Page.)

## WEATHER FORECAST.

Forecast for the thirty-six hours ending at 8 P. M. Wednesday for New York City and vicinity: Fair and colder to-night; Wednesday fair; fresh westerly winds.

M'ADOO TAKEN  
FROM SLATE AS  
HEAD OF POLICE?

Leader Murphy Said to Have Rubbed Out the Name of the Former Assistant Secretary of the Navy and McClellan Hunts for a New Man to Take Gen. Greene's Place.

SUDDEN SWITCH MADE AFTER  
A TALK OVER THE TELEPHONE.

Tammany Guessers Are Now All in the Dark as to Who Shall Be Chosen, and the Latest Development Adds to the Bewilderment That Already Exists.

William McAdoo will not be the Tammany Commissioner of Police. His name it was reported was rubbed off the slate to-day and Mr. Murphy and Mr. McClellan are engaged in a still hunt for another man for the job.

There had been mutterings all day to the effect that McAdoo would not be appointed, but nothing definite was known until Mr. Murphy and the Mayor-elect had held a long conference this afternoon. Although neither of them would confirm the report that McAdoo had been eliminated from the situation The Evening World knows that he was talked to over the telephone by Mr. McClellan and that out of this talk arose the necessity for the selection of a new candidate for the position.

The report has gained circulation that McAdoo was dropped because he refused to stand for John McCullagh as his Deputy. This is not credited in Tammany. The rank and file of the organization cannot be brought to believe that John McCullagh was ever considered for Deputy Commissioner.

"If Murphy is figuring on making McCullagh first Deputy," said one leader this afternoon, "he might as well make Lemuel Ely Quigg second Deputy and put Phil Doblin in charge of the harbor police."

HARD TO FIND A MAN TO  
TAKE WOODBURY'S PLACE.

To get the right man for the important office of Commissioner of Street Cleaning has been a task productive of much worry, and the general opinion is that the choice has fallen upon Patrick Keahon, leader of the Seventh Assembly District.

Of all the men considered Mr. Keahon was the one who presented the chief qualification—experience in handling men. He conducts one of the biggest trucking businesses in the city, knows New York and its streets like a book and has a reputation for honesty and fair dealing with his employees that has never been questioned.

Harry C. Hart, Tammany leader of the Thirtieth Assembly District, is going to be appointed a Tax Commissioner.

The four lucky men named for office last night by Mr. McClellan, are Patrick Keahon, who will be the new City Chamberlain at \$12,000; Thomas C. T. Crain, Tenement-House Commissioner, at \$7,500; Nicholas J. Hayes, Fire Commissioner, at \$7,500; Francis J. Lantry, Commissioner of Corrections, at \$7,500.

These appointments meet with general satisfaction in Tammany circles.

Keahon, Hayes and Lantry are all district leaders and all held office under Mayor Van Wyck. Crain lives in West Seventy-second street in the Nineteenth Assembly District.

Keahon was mentioned by District Attorney Jerome during the recent campaign as one of the "four honest Tammany leaders."

Thomas C. T. Crain, who is to be McClellan's Tenement-House Commissioner, is known as one of Tammany's "high-class" men. He has held several offices under Tammany. He began Nicholas J. Hayes, who is to be the new Fire Commissioner, is the Tammany leader of the Thirty-third District.

Francis J. Lantry, leader of the Twenty-second District, as Commissioner of Corrections, returns to his office, which he held under Mayor Van Wyck.

County Physician McBride, of Paterson, has ordered an inquest to place the responsibility for the death of Antonio Leo, fifteen years old, who was shot on Sunday night by Julian Wageman in the cellar of No. 8 North York street. Leo died in the General Hospital to-day.

Wageman was arrested to-day and required to furnish \$300 bail. Wageman, who is also fifteen years old, says that he and Leo had been playing in the cellar, but that they afterward "made up." Then, Wageman says, they agreed to fight a mock duel. Both had revolvers, and Leo, according to Wageman, also had a knife. Wageman says that Leo threatened to stab and shoot him, but that they afterward "made up." The boys stood off a distance of eight feet, and at a signal, fired. Leo fell with a bullet in his brain.

LETTER SUSPECT ESCAPES.  
DES MOINES, Ia., Dec. 22.—The man shot by the Rock Island detectives at Earlham and brought here on suspicion of sending the anonymous threatening letter to the Rock Island officials a few weeks ago, has made his escape from the hospital. During the three weeks' confinement he refused to speak a word, although subjected to the most rigid "questioning" process.

CRANK WITH KNIFE  
FACED GOVERNOR  
Nebraska's Executive Agreed to Everything Escaped Patient Said of Senator Dietrich Until Help Arrived.

BOY VICTIM OF  
MOCK DUEL DEAD  
Coroner at Paterson, N. J., Orders an Investigation Into the Killing of Fifteen-Year-Old Antonio Leo.